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A HOSPITAL-CEILING AS A SCREEN FOR MOVING PICTURES: A CINEMA FOR BEDRIDDEN WOUNDED SOLDIERS  
AT A BASE IN FRANCE.

A novel use of the cinematograph has been introduced into certain American base hospitals in France. For the amusement of wounded men who are unable to sit up or leave their beds, pictures are thrown on the ceiling above their beds by means of portable projectors. Thus they are enabled to enjoy the antics of Charlie Chaplin and other heroes and heroines

of the "movies," like their more fortunate comrades, who can move about and attend the ordinary type of cinema entertainment. How great a boon this ingenious device has proved to bedridden patients may be easily realised by anyone who has ever spent long and tedious hours in bed watching the vagaries of flies crawling on a ceiling!

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM AN ILLUSTRATION IN "POPULAR MECHANICS," BY COURTESY OF THAT MAGAZINE. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



# *American Gun-Power in the Great Counter-Offensive: A Heavy Battery near Soissons.*



IN CAPTURED GERMAN LINES SOUTH OF SOISSONS: A BATTERY OF HEAVY GUNS OF THE UNITED STATES ARTILLERY IN POSITION FOR FIRING.

The splendid success obtained by the United States forces in the great Allied counter-offensive between Soissons and Rheims has been due, not only to the valour of the infantry, but also to the strength and efficiency of the artillery. Among the recent

achievements of the American forces, it may be recalled, was the capture of Fismes, on August 4. On that date an American official communiqué stated: "On the line of the Vesle brisk artillery fighting is in progress."

# *Believed to Have Been the Emplacement of a "Big Bertha": A Steel Gun-Platform near Brécý.*



CAPTURED BY THE AMERICANS SOUTH-WEST OF BRÉCY: A GERMAN GUN-EMPLACEMENT BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN USED FOR A LONG-RANGE GUN SHELLING PARIS.

It was stated in an Exchange message from Paris on July 26: "The Americans who advanced beyond Brécý found the position of the long-range gun used in shelling Paris. Though the gun had been removed, the emplacement revealed its purpose." Some doubt

was afterwards cast on the theory that this emplacement was that of a "big Bertha," as these long-range guns are called, but it was certainly one of remarkable size and strength, being made entirely of steel, and measuring about 12 yards in diameter.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



## IN THE WAKE OF THE GERMAN RETREAT: A TYPICAL OBSTACLE.



DESTROYED BY THE GERMANS IN THEIR RETREAT: A WRECKED RAILWAY BRIDGE ON THE ROAD FROM LONGPORT TO OULCHY-LE-CHATEAU.



AN OBSTACLE, BUT NOT INSUPERABLE: FRENCH *TIRAILLEURS* CROSSING THE WRECKAGE OF THE BRIDGE SHOWN IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH.

The destruction of bridges, whether over railways or rivers, is a common act of armies in retreat to hamper their pursuers, and the Germans resorted to it frequently during their retirement before the great Allied counter-offensive north of the Marne. The particular bridge shown in our photograph is one that carried a road over the railway from Villers-Cotterets to Soissons, and the troops seen crossing the wreckage—a regiment

of French *tirailleurs*—formed part of the reinforcements sent up to the Allied front. It was reported on August 5 that the Germans had destroyed the main bridges over the Aisne, although they were still offering resistance along the line of the Vesle further south, thus endeavouring to delay as much as possible the Allied advance to the Aisne which, from their destroying the bridges, they seemed to regard as inevitable.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A WRITER in the *Observer* has recently quoted, with far too generous a compliment, something that I wrote in this column to the effect that the idealists who are planning a League of Nations should not at least be blamed for their idealism, since to have an ideal merely means to have an aim, and "there is nothing practical in being aimless." I do not complain of his quoting

It is that what they really mean is not what Mr. Wilson calls a League of Nations, but what Mr. Wells calls a World State.

It would be easy to make the point clear by parallels that would be at once more familiar and more fantastic. For instance, a man might hold that we should reach a broader brotherhood if men no longer lived in private houses, but all lived in one vast public house, or (since that noble name may shock the sensitive—or rather, the snobbish) in one vast hotel. If he sincerely held this view, it would be much better that he should say so—that he should draw up the plans and define the conditions of the hotel as an hotel. That the initial expense might be rather great, that the ground-plan would be rather large, that it would be difficult to get hold of all the land, and still more difficult to get the people to live on it—all this would be no argument against a man who wanted this saying clearly what it was he wanted. On the contrary, those who disliked the idea would have as much reason to thank the theorist as those who liked it; he would be defining for them the thing they disliked. What they would really resent, what we should all resent, would be his beginning to abolish private houses bit by bit. We should probably feel a little vexed if the neighbour next door began to make holes in the wall, with the object of opening up closer communications with his fellow-creatures. We should be annoyed to discover that he had quietly and tactfully removed the wall itself, leaving us in a large and commodious apartment partly occupied by somebody else's family. We should generally resent the claims of other families to overflow into our family without warning. And all these things would be unpleasant precisely because they would be what some people call compromises, in the sense of immediate and workable applications. They would be well within the sphere of practical politics—that is why they would be an abominable nuisance. Communist housekeeping as an ideal is tolerable, because we know whither it leads and whether we want it or not. As a tendency it is intolerable, for nobody knows where a tendency will lead. And it is these early moderate steps that men rightly dislike—like the first step across the threshold of the uninvited guest. It merely means establishing burglary as a compromise with communism.

It would be easy to give scores of similar cases. A man may say seriously, as Plato or Bernard Shaw might say (though I hardly think seriously) that all babies should be mixed or changed at birth, like the babies in "The Bab Ballads." He might say that all children should be brought up as children of the State, like the children of a Foundling Hospital. This would be intolerable to everything that most of us mean by Christian commonsense. But even this would be better than the same thing done bit by bit—or rather, baby by baby. It would be better than philanthropists behaving in reality as gypsies do in romance, and kidnapping a child according to their

mere taste and fancy. It would be better than a state of things in which a father of a family had to count his children every evening, to see that none of them had been snatched away by a stray policeman. In these matters men can endure the idealist, but not the idealistic opportunist. They cannot endure the mere progressive, especially the practical progressive. And along with these things, like the home and the family, goes the thing called the nation. They will not have the freedom of free States gradually filched away, by any sort of cosmopolitan conspiracy, on any ethical excuse. If a man says he has no patriotism, they may give him the respect due to a high-minded lunatic and (more fitly) the respect due to an unhappy man.

A League of Nations, I repeat, will be an admirable idea if it means a league to defend the nationality of nations. Such a thing might well exist—an agreement for the special punishment of a disregard of national frontiers, as in Belgium; or for the recovery of national provinces, as in Alsace. But a League of Nations, in the sense of something to internationalise nations, is not an ideal at all. It is a mere stop-gap. In short, I am in favour of an alliance of States to fight for the independence of each; I am not at all in favour of a new State expressing merely the interdependence of all. And I think this explanation sufficient to distinguish my own view from much that is to-day trumpeted under the name of a League of Nations.



GERMANY'S FIGHTING LEADER IN EAST AFRICA:  
GENERAL VON LETTOW-VORBECK.

Like Captain von Müller, of the "Emden," whose forlorn-hope career surprised friends and foes alike, so it has been with the adventurous leader of the German forces in East Africa, General von Lettow-Vorbeck. Whatever may be said of the fearful excesses committed by his troops—it is a black enough record—the German General has consistently shown talent for guerrilla, or partisan, warfare, and bush fighting. Driven out of East Africa, he is now making his last stand in the Portuguese colony in the south; but steadily and surely the British strangle-hold on his remaining columns tightens to the death-grip.

what I said, since, however strange it may seem, I happen to agree with what I said. And, since he honoured me to excess in quoting so much, I naturally cannot complain of his not quoting more. Nevertheless, the passage by itself might be taken as part of a very different philosophy. And it is the paradox of quotation that, while the part can never be greater than the whole, it can sometimes cover and hide the whole. I know the *Observer* would be the first to agree that a man should leave as little ambiguity as possible about his opinions on the Great War and the great peace that will follow it.

Briefly and broadly, then, what I meant to maintain about the League of Nations was this: that, whatever we may find to blame in the idealists who write about it, we ought not to blame them for stating their ideal in its most extreme idealistic form. This is the thing for which they are chiefly blamed, and this form of blame is wrong. Such extreme statement is not only more honest, but more practical. It is more practical whether the ideal is right or wrong—indeed, it is specially practical if the ideal is specially wrong. For those who agree with the ideal, it is the finest inspiration. For those who disagree, it is the fairest warning. What is really dreamy and dangerous and anarchic is precisely that sham "practicality" of beginning to do something, without clearly knowing what we are really doing or why we are really doing it. And the real case against a League of Nations, as preached by some of its prophets, is precisely that the name does not represent their real ideal—but, at the best, a step towards their real ideal; and, at the worst, a mere disguise for their real ideal.



THE ASSASSINATED GERMAN MILITARY GOVERNOR IN THE UKRAINE:  
FIELD-MARSHAL VON EICHORN.

Like most of the prominent German Generals in the war, Field-Marshal von Eichhorn was a Prussian Guardsman. He held various corps and army commands on the Eastern front during the campaigns against the Russians of 1914, 1915, and 1916, and was one of Hindenburg's principal lieutenants. In March last he was promoted to Field-Marshal, and shortly after that he gave up his command in the field as leader of the German Tenth Army, to take over charge as Military Governor of the German forces occupying the Ukraine. From all accounts, he exercised his powers in the most brutal and oppressive manner, terrorising the country by constant executions. Von Eichhorn met his death from a Russian assassin's bomb at Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, on July 30, while walking in the streets between the German military club and his official residence.

Photograph by Central News.



# WAR SYMBOLS AND CEREMONIES: AT HOME AND AT THE FRONT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, LTD., YOHAGI, AND TOPICAL.



THE OPENING OF AUSTRALIA HOUSE BY THE KING: HIS MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTE.



A DUMMY GERMAN TO KEEP OFF BIRDS: A SYMBOLIC SCARECROW ON A SOLDIER'S VEGETABLE GARDEN NEAR THE BRITISH FRONT.



"IN MEMORY OF THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN": THE BISHOP OF LONDON BLESSING THE WAR-SHRINE IN HYDE PARK.



PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT IN JAPAN: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM THE MAYOR OF YOKOHAMA.



THE WAR ANNIVERSARY SERVICE AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER: (L. TO R.) QUEEN ALEXANDRA, QUEEN MARY, CANON CARNEGIE, AND THE KING.



HEADING THE COMMONS PROCESSION TO ST. MARGARET'S: (L. TO R.) MR. WHITLEY, MR. BONAR LAW, MR. BALFOUR, AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

In opening Australia House, in the Strand, on Saturday, August 3, the King described it in his reply to the Address as "this magnificent building, the future home of the Commonwealth Government in the Metropolis of the Empire."—The second photograph shows two old soldiers at work behind the lines in France, helping to grow vegetables for the Army, with a dummy German soldier to scare away the birds.—On August 4 the Bishop of London blessed the flowers on the War Shrine erected near the Marble Arch, in Hyde Park, "in memory of those who have fallen."—Prince Arthur of Connaught arrived at

Yokohama for his official visit to Japan, which proved such a striking success, on June 18.—On Sunday, August 4, the fourth anniversary of Britain's declaration of war was celebrated throughout the country by special services of thanksgiving and intercession. That held at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was attended by the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal Family. The Lords and Commons walked to the church in procession, the Commons going first. Canon Carnegie, seen in one of our photographs, is Rector of St. Margaret's.



## BOMBING SUBMARINES.



By ARCHIBALD HURD.

WHAT may rank as one of the most curious incidents of the war which is being waged on the enemy submarines occurred the other day, when a German U-boat voluntarily surrendered to a lightly armed British drifter. That points to a remarkable change in conditions at sea. When the policy of piracy was first adopted by the Germans, their submarines had things very much their own way, because few merchant-ships were armed and the Navy was short of small craft. For some time the Germans were able to send to sea a large number of U-boats, and the officers and men of those vessels rather enjoyed the pursuit of what they regarded as a sport which was then associated with little danger.

But now the conditions at sea have changed; as Commander Rose, one of the most experienced U-boat commanders, recently explained in a lecture which he delivered at Munich. Instead of being the hunters, the submarines are hunted.

The number of patrol craft has been enormously increased since the Germans began to sink merchant-ships towards the close of 1914. Some indication of the progress which is still being made is suggested by the action of the Navy Department at Washington in asking Congress to vote nearly 26,000 more officers and men for duty in

the new destroyers which are being built in the yards of the United States and will pass into the American Fleet during the next twelve months. At the same time, British shipyards will also be turning out destroyers and other vessels suitable for chasing enemy submarines.

Not only is the number of small craft being rapidly increased, but the ingenuity of the Allied Navies, and conspicuously the ingenuity of the British Navy, is finding expression in a variety of ingenious devices. Considerable success has attended the recent mining policy; the hydrophone, which enables the movements of a submerged submarine to be heard, has been successfully developed; and what are described as "depth charges" are being used with increasing results.

Recently a lightly armed British drifter had an enemy submarine under gunfire, and, doubtless much to the drifter's surprise, the commanding officer of the submarine indicated that he and his companions wished to surrender. The position of the British skipper was an embarrassing one. Nothing of the kind had ever occurred before—one of the most perfectly developed war-ships of her particular type surrendering to such an opponent. The captain of the drifter quickly determined that he could not refuse the surrender, but he took

precautions against foul play. This particular submarine had been hunted persistently for seventy-two hours, and during that period no fewer than thirty-five depth charges had been dropped near her, each one producing a terrible explosion. The nerve of the officers and men was thus broken.

What, it may be asked, is a depth charge? It is one of the most deadly weapons employed. It consists of a kind of mine which is fitted with a hydrostatic valve: as the depth charge sinks in the water the pressure increases until it is sufficient to operate the valve, and then the depth charge explodes with terrific effect. Of course, the valve of the depth charge can be set to practically any depth, as circumstances may decide. Some day we may learn first-hand from the Germans what it feels like to be submerged in the water when these devastating explosions occur one after another round a submarine. The crew must realise that at any moment the frail hull of the submarine may be pierced; in that case death under the most agonising circumstances is their fate. As Sir Eric Geddes remarked the other day, "These depth charges are one of the most potent weapons we have against the submarine." Commander Rose has fully confirmed that conclusion. Immediately a submarine is seen, it is pursued with resource, courage, and persistency.

## THE TRADITION OF ENGLISH SCHOOLS.



By E. B. OSBORN.

THE educational system of this country is to go into the melting-pot, and it would seem the intention of the more zealous reformers to secure uniformity at any cost. I pass by such violent sayings as that of a minor Labour leader who assured me that his friends intended to seize Eton, Winchester, and other famous Public Schools, as soon as peace breaks out, and use them as seminaries for the sons of working men. If this fine plan could be carried out, it would not have the effect he anticipated—for it is certain that the *genius loci* at Eton, for example, where there is a room panelled with Spanish Armada timbers, would so far prevail in the end as to prevent the place becoming a nursery of Bolshevism. A famous school, like a famous regiment, has an immortality of its own. If all the soldiers belonging to the one be killed, and all the pupils of the other be dismissed, the spirit of either institution will yet survive and set its mark on the soul of each new member. The statesmanlike plan (as Mr. H. A. L. Fisher himself believes) is to keep the vital tradition of the Public School inviolate and use it as an instrument in a great levelling-up process.

The English Public School originated in dissatisfaction with the monastic schools, which only

made sham scholars and sham saints. Espionage and the rod were the pillars of the latter; and a frequent complaint recorded by a mediaeval inspector against the monasteries he visited was that the pupils "did not inform against one another." Bishop Grandison of Exeter, the greatest Churchman of his generation, is one of innumerable witnesses to the futility of the monastic method of teaching, which compelled boys to learn Latin prayers and creeds by heart without understanding the meaning of a single word. Such schools produced shiftless, uncouth, and ignorant lads of the type described in John Lydgate's oft-quoted verses—

Loth to rise, loth to bed at eve;  
With unwashed hands ready to dinner;  
My paternoster, my crede, or my believe  
Cast at the cook, lo! this was my manner!  
Waved with each wind, as doth a reed-spear;  
Snibbed of my friends, such tetches to amend,  
Made deaf ear, not to them attend.

They did not make the men of action and transaction needed for the enlarging of England, who would subordinate self to the service of their country. So William of Wykeham founded the first Public School, which was designed to give boys the self-same training, as far as possible, as

was received by the pages in a knightly home or the "mess of young lords" who attended Cardinal Wolsey. The new institution was founded on two great principles—first, that character is destiny; second, that the only durable form of equality is the chivalrous *parage*—that is, the theory that all men are equal who serve something other than self to the best of their powers.

The Public Schools of to-day are good, bad, and indifferent. But they all aim at laying the foundations of character, even if some only succeed in creating "form," which is merely a look-see of convention. They all teach by means of games, the substitutes for the old chivalrous exercises, that the individual must set the good of his side above his own. That the root-tradition is still living and fertile is apparent from the records of their war service. Without the tens of thousands of "Old Boys," who knew how to obey and command, the New Army could never have been officered. They must be mended, not ended—the lack of intellectual keenness, the Englishman's chief fault, must be made good by a better curriculum and better teaching. But the varied life will go out of them all if they are put into the power of the bureaucrat.

## FERDINAND'S DEAL IN GEESE.



By MAJOR W. WHITTALL.

TO the most casual observer it has long been obvious that Ferdinand of Bulgaria is a monarch who is, to say the least, lacking in certain of those characteristics which we call kingly attributes. As a "Czar" he has been a failure. He took the lead in the attack by the Balkan Powers on Turkey in 1912, which attained such a measure of military success that towards the end it began to look as though Turkey was fated to disappear from the map of Europe. Ferdinand himself, he it said, was exceedingly careful not to get within range of the Turkish guns—his life was far too precious to Bulgaria (and, incidentally, to himself) to be unnecessarily risked, although he was passing fond of posing as a great soldier, at a safe distance from the battle-front.

When the war had been conducted to a successful conclusion, Ferdinand, by the grasping policy which he formulated during the settlement, again managed to plunge his unfortunate country into war—this time with his recent allies—and became the instrument of throwing away practically all the gains the gallantry of his troops had secured, and nearly lost his throne as a consequence. Again,

when the present war broke out, Ferdinand brought his genius for intrigue to bear. He was willing for a time to sell his assistance to the highest bidder; but when the tide had apparently set in against the Entente group he decided that there was nothing like being on the winning side, and that an alliance with Germany and her partners would of a certainty enable him to pay off his score against his whilom allies turned enemy. So the act was consummated, and Bulgaria entered the war against the Entente—and Ferdinand put his money once more on the wrong horse.

He seems to have thought, however, that even if he had to wait until the end of the war to secure the major advantages he expected to gain, there could be no serious sacrifice of kingly dignity in making money for his own personal pocket out of the necessities of his dear ally, Germany. The latter needed food, of which Bulgaria had a certain amount to spare. So Ferdinand entered into an arrangement with his Prime Minister, Radoslovoff, and a company was formed, in which these two worthies held most of the shares, for the purpose of trading in food-stuffs.

That the company was not exactly run on philanthropic lines is demonstrated by the story of one of its deals. Ferdinand and Co. purchased some 15,000 geese, for which they paid an average of 1 fr. 50 per head. By this time these birds were sorely needed for Bulgarian consumption; but Germany seems to have offered the best market, and to Germany they were sold at 45 marks per head! Whether it was this transaction in geese which brought matters to a head is not known, but what we do know is that at the time it was consummated the Bulgarian troops in the field were actually on the verge of starvation. The next move was that in June last a deputation from the army waited on Ferdinand with an ultimatum to the effect that either he or Radoslovoff must go—he could take his choice. Knowing what we know of the character of this pinchbeck kinglet, we can imagine that it did not take him long to make up his mind. At any rate, Radoslovoff was immediately dismissed. All sorts of reasons were given for his fall, but the real truth of it is that it was brought about by the food transactions of the firm of Ferdinand and Co., of which the deal in geese is an example.



## A WAR CONTRAST: DEATH-GIVING AND LIFE-GIVING WORK.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



IN A FRENCH SECTOR ON THE AISNE FRONT: A BATTERY OF "155'S" BEING PREPARED FOR ACTION.

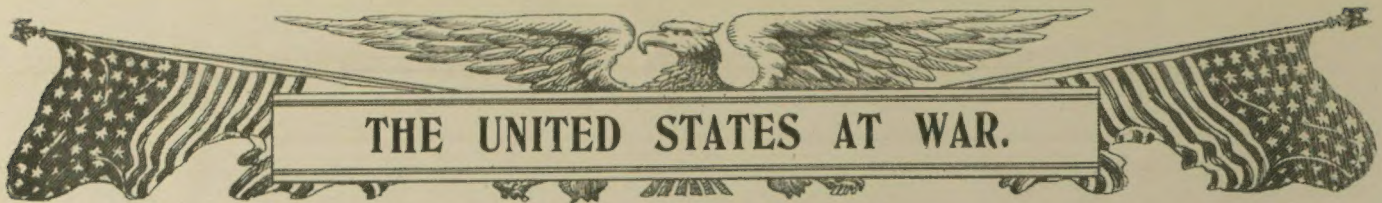


IN A FRENCH SECTOR ON THE OISE FRONT: SOLDIER-HARVESTERS AT WORK IN THE WAR-ZONE, WITH A REAPING-MACHINE.

Two war-created contrasts stand out in sharp contradistinction in the pair of illustrations on this page. In the upper, Boche-killing machinery (a 155-mm., or 6-inch, battery) is seen being prepared for getting to work. Peace-time harvesting machinery at work, with soldiers in charge, to provide the daily bread of France, is seen in the lower picture. The two photographs were taken in sectors on two adjacent war-fronts. One, the upper,

is from the Aisne front, where, at the moment of writing, General Foch's offensive, or series of offensives, is developing new situations, of no favourable omen for the already hard-hit enemy. The lower photograph was taken on the Oise front, within the war-zone, within possibility of long-range enemy shrapnel ranging across the neighbourhood, as the steel helmets worn by the harvesting soldiers make evident.





### III.—AMERICA, THE LARDER OF THE ALLIES.

\* By Edward Marshall.

THE Bridge of Ships and the soldiers who have crossed, and will cross on it, referred to in previous issues of *The Illustrated London News*, form but two parts of the foundation structure of America's war effort. The other absolute essentials are food and munitions, and of these food is the more important.

Germany built many of her hopes of victory upon her firm belief that she could starve those whom, by brutal efforts at conquest, she chose to transform into enemies. Every major detail of her submarine campaign has struck at food. Attacks upon transports, passenger-vessels, and hospital-ships have been fancy frightfulness, thrown in, so to speak, for bad measure.

Mr. Hoover himself (and he is the soul of caution) declares in general terms, indeed, that the days of the Allies' anxiety with regard to food may be considered past, and promises that while the United States during the last twelve months has exported to her friends upon this side 10,000,000 tons of food-stuffs, she will export within the next twelve months almost twice as much, or 18,000,000 tons. To this Canada, no less intelligent, no less self-sacrificing, can add 3,000,000 tons, giving a grand total for the current year, from over the Atlantic, of not less than 21,000,000 tons. In the meantime food reserves upon this side have been, and will be, built up, so that any sudden acceleration of the U-boat menace (an unlikely thing) may be nullified.

It was his task of feeding Belgium and Northern France, where, at the beginning of the war, ten million people were threatened, which fitted Herbert Hoover for the mighty work he has performed and still performs. Ere he had eased Belgium, as he has explained, "the food supplies of 500,000,000 people beyond her borders also were endangered."

To-day a full belligerent, America is confronted by the grim necessity not only of supplying her war-partners to the measure of their need after a still further depletion of their man-power, but millions of her own producers have been taken from their normal tasks and transformed into soldiers—not food-creators, but consumers. She has not altered before this unprecedented task. Instead she has given thought to three possibilities: augmentation of production, reduction of consumption, restriction of export to all except the nations fighting against Germany, finally resolving to follow all three paths to the great goal; and, despite her labour shortage, and the ever-growing needs of her own armies, her exports to her Allies have increased, not lessened. Hoover recognised the psychological condition,

realising (as he says) that "the people's heart was more potent than the people's stomach." His decision was in favour of voluntary rationing, and his judgment has proved sound.

Since the war began, America has sent overseas to the Allies (including Russia) sufficient foodstuffs to provide entirely for the support of 57,100,000 persons for the full period of the war's duration up to date. Her food contributions, alone, could have supported far more soldiers than ever have been upon the Allied front at any one time during the great contest. Ninety-nine per cent. of them have been sent to England, France, and Italy; by far the greater portion of them, enough wholly to support 27,334,441 people for one year, having been assigned to the United Kingdom. This has been as if more than six million Englishmen had

with them the Allied world's supply already has wonderfully improved, for in spite of them, America continues to economise. The voluntary use of substitutes continues in nearly every household, so that great reserve stocks may be built against the possibility of shortage later.

Those "bumper" crops are sheer good luck or Providential mercy, as one chooses. Their garnering and threshing are in full process now, the workers, nationally organised, moving slowly northward in a roughly disciplined, laborious and splendid pilgrimage from the Southern States, among which Texas and Oklahoma are the principal early wheat producers. Their ordered progress will not cease till they have finished with the crops of the peculiarly grain States, Minnesota and the two Dakotas, close on Canada. What

are the "bumper" crops? Winter wheat will reach the utterly unprecedented total of 600,000,000 bushels, while spring wheat promises a 25 per cent. advance over last year's 233,000,000 bushels. Government predictions suggest, in all, something between 900,000,000 and 1,000,000,000 bushels, or, approximately, 300,000,000 bushels more than last year's yield.

Now as to America's meats. Here the situation is every bit as good as that shown by the wheat supply. In May the British Government ordered 250,000,000 pounds of meats from the American plants, almost timidly asking deliveries within three weeks. The entire order was *en route* sooner than had been requested. It was a good omen which is working out. During all the years of war America has given great attention to augmentation of the meat supply, a task extraordinarily simplified by her possession of immense facilities for refrigerated storage. Her beef production has not decreased recently, and the war has brought about an amazing growth in pork supplies. Within nine to twelve months, and with a fodder consumption, as compared to that required by beef of one to four, a volume of meat can be created through pork-culture, equalling the possible beef-increase of about ten years. America, therefore, wishing to fight a quick war, has turned to this quick meat supply. So great has been the increase of pork-growing in America that Mr. Hoover does not hesitate to say that the United States at this moment is prepared to meet the total meat-needs of all the Allies, and its own, with pork alone. At present the average daily American meat shipment to all the Allies is about nine million pounds.

Everything points to an undeniable, a sure, an absolute food-safety for the people of the Allied nations. It makes the winning of the war a mathematical certainty.



RECEIVING "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND THANKS" FROM BRITISH CHILDREN TO AMERICAN CHILDREN: MR. HERBERT HOOVER, THE UNITED STATES FOOD CONTROLLER, IN THIS COUNTRY.

The other day Mr. Hoover received parcels of letters conveying one hundred thousand thanks from the children of Great Britain to the children of the United States, for their self-denial and economy at the table. The little girls seen with Mr. Hoover conveyed the thanks.

Photograph by Topical.

received from America every ounce of food which they have eaten during the entire period of the war. The food sent to France since Aug. 4, 1914, has been enough to completely satisfy the needs of half as many; while in Italy have been supplied half as many as in France. Here are striking figures for three months and a-half, merely hints of many mighty totals—

Fresh beef	-	-	-	443,484,400 pounds.
Butter	-	-	-	28,996,897 "
Condensed milk	-	-	-	126,356,675 "
Cheese	-	-	-	103,465,426 "
Oily cattle foods	-	-	-	611,656,154 "

With regard to wheat, America recognised from the start that decreased consumption was less vital than increased production. It was principally through enlarged acreage and enthusiastic cultivation that it was hoped to make ends meet. Without bumper crops these measures would have served, but "bumper" crops have grown, and



# AN EVER-INCREASING MENACE TO GERMANY: CZECHO-SLOVAKS.



AT A WESTERN FRONT RAILWAY STATION: A CZECHO-SLOVAK DETACHMENT WAITING TO ENTRAIN.



WITH THE BOHEMIAN LION STANDARD DISPLAYED: ENTRAINING KITS AND EQUIPMENT OF A CORPS.



A REGIMENT ON PARADE IN FRANCE: AT AN INSPECTION BY GENERAL JANIN, COMMANDING THE CZECHO-SLOVAK CORPS.



ON THE LINE OF MARCH IN A WAR-SECTOR IN FRANCE: VEHICLES OF A CZECHO-SLOVAK REGIMENTAL FIELD-TRAIN MOVING FORWARD.



A CZECHO-SLOVAK CORPS IN ACTION: BATTALION SIGNALLERS UNDER COVER, PASSING MESSAGES BETWEEN THE FIRING-LINE AND HEADQUARTERS.



A CZECHO-SLOVAK CORPS IN ACTION: A LONG-RANGE SNIPER PICKING OFF GERMANS, WITH COMRADES "SPOTTING" HIS SHOTS FOR HIM.

As the Hebrew prophet's cloud in the East no bigger than a man's hand grew rapidly till it overcast the skies and drenched the land in rain, so it seems likely to be the case, as events are shaping, with the Czecho-Slovak forces in Siberia and Russia. They were originally Czecho-Slovak battalions of the Austrian Army, captured wholesale by the Grand Duke Nicholas's Russian forces in the victorious Galician campaigns of 1914 and 1915. Freed with all the prisoners in Russia at the Revolution, but prevented by the Bolsheviks

from returning home, little by little the scattered prisoners at the depôts drew together. Since then battalions, armed from captured Russian arsenals, have been formed among the ex-prisoners. At time of writing, Czecho-Slovak forces hold the main strategic points along the railway from Vladivostok to the Urals. At the same time, other Czecho-Slovaks in France are enrolled as soldiers under their national Bohemian Lion standard. They already form an army corps, attached to one of the French main armies.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS



A SELLER OF POINTS FOR THE FACE AND OF DRUGS : — AN ITINERANT ALCHEMIST OF THE 18TH CENTURY.



THE SUPERSTITION OF RUDOLF II, RULER OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE; THE EMPEROR CONSULTING HIS ALCHEMIST (16TH CENTURY).



THE IRON NUTS DARED PASS WITHOUT CROWNING THEMSELVES: THE IRON OF NICHOLAS FLAMEL (1330-1348).

THE eyes of all the world are now fixed upon the Marne, for tremendous events are taking place there. Never, in all its history, has it played so great a part in the destinies of France as during these last four years of fury. And the Marne is a river with a past. The revelations which have just come to light of the fate of Chateau Thierry at the hands of the Hun hordes—revelations which show that their lust for pure beastliness has lost none of its virulence—leave no ground for hope that they will make any attempt to spare such relics of the distant past as may chance to catch their notice. And the Marne is rich in such relics—though, happily, they need no little skill in finding, for they date back to prehistoric times ranging from the days of the Stone Age to the dawn of history.

The retreat of this foul-minded brood towards the Vesle will probably mean the doom of the celebrated "Menhirs," or standing stones, of the Marne Valley. These date back to about 6000 B.C., and are remarkable for the fact that they bear curiously sculptured designs, of which the most striking is a conventionalised representation of the human face. This, and the general character of the ornamentation, bears a close likeness to that found on early objects from Hissarlik and the Greek islands. These "menhirs," it may be mentioned, are apparently memorial stones to distinguished dead, and are akin to the more imposing array of pillars such as are to be seen at Stonehenge.

These megalithic monuments mark the appearance in Europe of a new race, bringing with them new customs—and, what is still more important, the use of metal. Of their customs we learn something from their burial-places—as, for example, at Lignon, where an interment contained bones of animals split for the extraction of the marrow, and the lower jaws of several children, ground stone axes, and incised bones, the whole showing unmistakable traces of fire. There is something uncanny about this association—a suggestion that the children might have furnished at least part of the feast! It may be, however, that the split bones were intended to serve as food, in the spirit-world, for the children. In another burial-pit, found at Tours-sur-Marne, a great quantity of human remains were found, and with them ground flint axe-heads and arrow-heads. Some of the human bones were discoloured by a bronze bead which lay

## ANCIENT WARRIORS OF THE MARNE.

amongst them, and it is just this fragment which fixes the date of the burial as within the "Bronze Age."

Of the succeeding "Iron Age" the Marne area contains some quite remarkable relics in the form of "chariot burials"—relics of battles long forgotten. These carry us back to somewhere about

harness at the other. It contained, besides, a wonderful collection of ornaments set with coral, a bronze helmet, sword, lances, and spear-head, and pottery. The helmet belonged to a type particularly rare.

The Somme Bionne tomb contained but one body, laid between the two wheels of a chariot placed in separate trenches below the general level of the grave. Another trench at the feet of the body contained the bridles, bits, and trappings of two horses. Connecting this trench with the cavity containing the body was a narrow channel, two feet six inches long, in which lay the pole of the chariot. The whole was surrounded by a circular fosse over three feet wide, and with a diameter of about eighteen yards.

This was evidently the grave of a warrior of distinction. On his left lay three iron lances and a knife; on his right lay his sword. A plain gold finger-ring is worthy of special mention, since such are rare at this period. Openwork bronze plates and moulded discs of very beautiful design, belonging to the harness, and a bronze flagon, appear to be of Greek workmanship. And the chariot was of the model common to Greek and Egyptian chariots, being open at the front. Though more than fifty chariot-burials have been found in the department of the Marne, only about thirty-five have been found intact, the rest having probably been rifled by the Frankish invaders for the sake of the ornaments of gold they contained.

Similar chariot-burials, it is worthy of note, are found with us—as, for example, in Yorkshire—though in no case have these tombs been so richly furnished. But they are evidently those of the same race as those of the Marne graves—the stalwart, fair-haired, round-headed "Bronze Age" man, who survives among us to the present day. One of these graves, found near Market Weighton, East Riding, contained so rich a store of furniture that it is known as the "King's Barrow." In it lay an old man, head to the north, and arms and legs crossed. Near the head were the skulls of two pigs! On either side of him lay the chariot wheels, and under them the skeletons of two small horses, with their harness, furnishing us with valuable evidence as to the type of horse used at this time.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



AFTER THE DISASTROUS FIRE IN FEZ, WHICH IS BELIEVED BY SOME TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY GERMAN AGENTS: THE FAMOUS SANCTUARY OF MULAI IDRIS, STANDING AMID RUINS—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE KAISARIA BAZAAR.



AFTER THE DISASTROUS FIRE IN FEZ WHICH IS BELIEVED BY SOME TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY GERMAN AGENTS: IN THE FOREGROUND, THE MAIN STREET OF THE ATTARINE; IN THE BACKGROUND, THE BENI MERIN RUINS.

The disastrous fire which broke out at Fez some weeks ago is believed by some to have been the work of German agents. It started at four points in the great Kaisaria Bazaar. Some 9000 square yards in the commercial centre of the city were destroyed, and nearly a thousand shops were burnt out. The French authorities worked splendidly to stop the spread of the flames, and they were successful in halting them at the very doors of the Carouine Mosque and the famous sanctuary of Mulai Idriss, one of the most venerated shrines of Northern Africa.

295 B.C., when Gaulish warriors were buried in their chariots. Two particularly fine examples of such burials were discovered—the one at Somme Bionne, the other at Somme Tourbe. The latter, known as the La Gorge Meillet burial, is the richest of its kind known. The grave contained two warriors, one exactly above the other, the heads being at the south end of the grave, and the horse-

as the "King's Barrow." In it lay an old man, head to the north, and arms and legs crossed. Near the head were the skulls of two pigs! On either side of him lay the chariot wheels, and under them the skeletons of two small horses, with their harness, furnishing us with valuable evidence as to the type of horse used at this time.



# THE BOLSHEVIKS AT MOSCOW: A LOCAL "MIRACLE" AT THE KREMLIN.



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE "BAYARD OF RUSSIA": THE SKOBELOFF STATUE IN MOSCOW, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.



THE SKOBELOFF MONUMENT UNDER THE BOLSHEVIES: THE STATUE GONE, AND THE MONUMENT A STREET ORATORS' PLATFORM.



THE IKON-DECORATED "NICHOLAS GATE" OF THE KREMLIN THAT SOLDIERS REFUSED TO BOMBARD UNTIL FORCED: THE "MIRACULOUSLY" MISSED IKON INTACT.

As they have done with the monuments and historic memorials of Petrograd, so at Moscow the Bolsheviks wreaked havoc on national monuments there. In our first and second illustrations, the monument of the famous General Skobeloff, who till now was revered as the "Bayard of Russia," is shown before and after the Bolsheviks dealt with it. The equestrian figure was pulled down, carted away, and the rest of the monument hoisted over as a stand for Bolshevik orators to harangue street crowds from.—The "Nicholas Gate" of the Kremlin, in the third illustration, held by a party opposing



WITH FACE KEPT VEILED SINCE THE REVOLUTION: THE MOSCOW STATUE OF TSAR ALEXANDER II, WHO ABOLISHED RUSSIAN SERFDOM.

the Bolsheviks, was bombarded from 300 yards off with a single gun. On the gate was an ikon, and, in consequence, the Bolsheviks could not induce the soldiers to open fire for some time. At last an artilleryman was found, and forced to fire the gun. For hours he fired, but the gate was little damaged, while the ikon remained untouched—by a miracle, as Moscow people regarded it.—The fourth illustration shows the statue of the Tsar Alexander II, who abolished serfdom in Russia, with the black veil that has draped the face for the past fifteen months.



# AMBUSCADED FROM THE CLOUDS: A BRITISH WESTERN FRONT SURPRISE FOR THE ENEMY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, FROM

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



WHILE PARADED TO HEAR THEIR GENERAL'S SPEECH!—GERMANS IN A MARKET-PLACE AT A LOW-LYING CLOUDS; AND THEN BY

TOWN BEHIND THEIR LINES ATTACKED BY ONE OF OUR BOMBERS, SWOOPING FROM BEHIND ESCORTING 'PLANES WITH MACHINE-GUNS.

A daring coup by British airmen is illustrated above. It was in the nature, if one may use the simile, of an aerial ambuscade, a surprise attack carried out with bombs and machine-guns, by utilising the screening aid of friendly clouds. As related by the eye-witness who supplied the material for the drawing, a certain German General one day recently had a number of troops under his command specially paraded in the *place*, or market square, of a small town, just in rear of the enemy's line, in order to harangue them. As we know from prisoners' accounts sent by newspaper correspondents, there has been a good deal of speechifying by German Generals to their regiments of late, to exhort the troops to make a better fight of it

than some of the enemy units have done, and also finding serious fault in other instances. On the occasion illustrated, when the troops were all massed, and the proceedings were in full swing, a British bombing plane suddenly appeared overhead, swooping from behind a bank of low clouds. It dropped its bombs in quick succession, right in among the massed ranks of the soldiers in the square, causing casualties on all sides, and throwing the parade into hopeless confusion. Before the swaying mob of Germans could get under cover, the small British scout-machines escorting the bomber joined in, and finished the business at close quarters with their Lewis guns.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





### THE BOMBER BREAKS THROUGH: A BRITISH TWO-SEATER OUTWITTING FIVE ENEMY FIGHTING-SCOUTS.

Concerning this picture, Boyd Cable writes: "The tons of bombs dropped by our flying-men every day do so much damage to vital points and to the enemy morale that the Germans are bound to do everything possible to interrupt the work of our bombers. Formations of their fighting-scout class machines attack the bombers; and, since these single-seater scouts are specially designed and built for fighting work, and to be handier and faster than two-seaters, especially when these are heavily laden with bombs, it might be supposed that the scout-machines could give the bombers a very bad time. But, thanks to the design, build, and power of machines and engines in our two-seater classes, they more than hold their own in fighting and, on occasion, turn the tables effectively on their attackers. One of our bombers, returning from a

raid, was cut off from the lines by five fighting-scouts, which manoeuvred to turn him west, and attack in concert. The pilot, without hesitation, made straight for the leader, opening fire as he flew. The leader went down headlong and crashed. Cowed, apparently, by his swift and certain fate, the others swerved aside; and, through this opening, our bomber dashed. As it broke through, the observer brought his gun into action, and opened a hot fire on the other hostiles which followed, pressing their attack. One of these he shot down, and another whirled down, evidently damaged, and unable to continue. The bomber had been badly shot about and, with tail-plane bracing-wires cut through, was in danger of the tail carrying away. The combat, therefore, was broken off, and our bomber returned safely."

DRAWN BY JOSEPH SIMPSON. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



# THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

## ON TANKS AND AIRCRAFT.

By C. G. GREY,  
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

IF anyone wanted to set forth the absolute antithesis among engines of war in these days, he would probably fix on tanks and aircraft. There seems no apparent relationship between the swift aeroplane, mobile and fragile, and the slow, semi-invulnerable tank, save that both are driven by internal-combustion engines. Yet, when one comes to consider the operations of these two vehicles—each in its own direction the greatest of developments in weapons of war—one finds that they are closely allied.

"wireless" is an equally good method of directing artillery against tanks. Moreover, besides being less vulnerable than a balloon, the aeroplane can follow the movements of tanks more closely, owing to its own mobility. Tanks may hide themselves from balloon observation by moving behind woods and rows of trees, but they cannot thus hide themselves from the ubiquitous aeroplane.

From this one comes to other developments clearly foreshadowed in the *Times* whose cor-

respondent on the British front, writing on April 25 last of the fighting in the Villers - Bretonneux area in front of Amiens, said: "Four or five enemy tanks fell in with two of ours, and the first engagement between enemy iron-clads took place. One of our machines was crippled, when a third British tank hove in sight

and joined in the attack. The new-comer knocked out one of the enemy, and the rest appear to have made their escape. On another part of the battlefield British light tanks were engaged, and did fine work, some of them coming back with sides splashed with blood; for, besides using their guns, these tanks were able to ram the enemy, and managed in several cases to get home into bunches of Germans. They were evidently handled with great skill and gallantry, and have proved themselves a very useful weapon."

This reference to "the first engagement between land iron-clads" is peculiarly interesting because it is the first concrete example of a species of warfare which was much discussed in aeronautical circles so far back as the winter of 1914 and the spring of 1915. Mr. R. F. Macfie, an American subject, though one of the pioneers of British aviation, who came back from the United States on the outbreak of war, strongly advocated the use of armoured "caterpillars"—as they were then called—equipped with machine-guns, to cross trenches and break up the deadlock which already in 1914 threatened us with a long war. His scheme was based on practical experience with Holt caterpillars in America; so our gallant Allies from across the Atlantic may justifiably take unto themselves some of the credit for the success of the latest form of warfare. Thereafter a committee, which was known officially as the "Land-Ships Committee," was formed to study the design

and production of what the *Times* correspondent calls "land ironclads," and, after much experimentation, the conquerors of Flers were produced. From them to the modern tank there have been several steps forward, and there are, as in all new things, many more steps to come before the land-going battle-ship arrives.

Nevertheless, the land battle-ship is a certainty of the future—as certain as was the aeroplane of to-day when the Wright brothers first flew in 1906. And, when the land battle-ship arrives, it is quite obvious that it will be as dependent on close co-operation with aircraft as are sea-going battle-ships. Not only will its attendant aircraft blind the enemy's artillery, as indicated by the French tank officer already quoted (as a matter of fact, such small things as field-guns will not trouble it, for it will carry very much heavier armament itself: probably part of the work of its aircraft will be to direct its heavy guns on to the enemy's field-guns), the real task of the aircraft will be to direct the battle-ship squadrons as to where they may find the enemy's land-going battle fleet, and to warn the squadrons in case a more powerful fleet is approaching.

Already we have big slow tanks and little fast tanks—analogueous, let us say, to the sloops-of-war and the smaller, faster naval war-craft of the very early days of steam. These in due time grew to be the battle-ships, cruisers, and destroyers of to-day. History is the greatest plagiarist in all literature, and we shall in due course see the history of the steam-driven war-ship repeated in the land war-ship—*mutatis mutandis*. It is merely a matter of energy and intellect how long it takes for this particular corner of history to develop.

When it does so, there will be an end of all trench warfare, and we shall come back to wars of manœuvre in which the strategy of Napoleon and Wellington will have to be combined with the tactics of Nelson and Van Tromp, plus the aerial science of Trenchard and Salmond and Von Hoppner. The prospect, if not pleasing to the



AT A FRENCH AVIATION CAMP: A GERMAN BOMBING "FRIEDRICHSHAFEN" PLANE, CAPTURED INTACT AND TRANSFORMED INTO AN ALLIED PLANE.

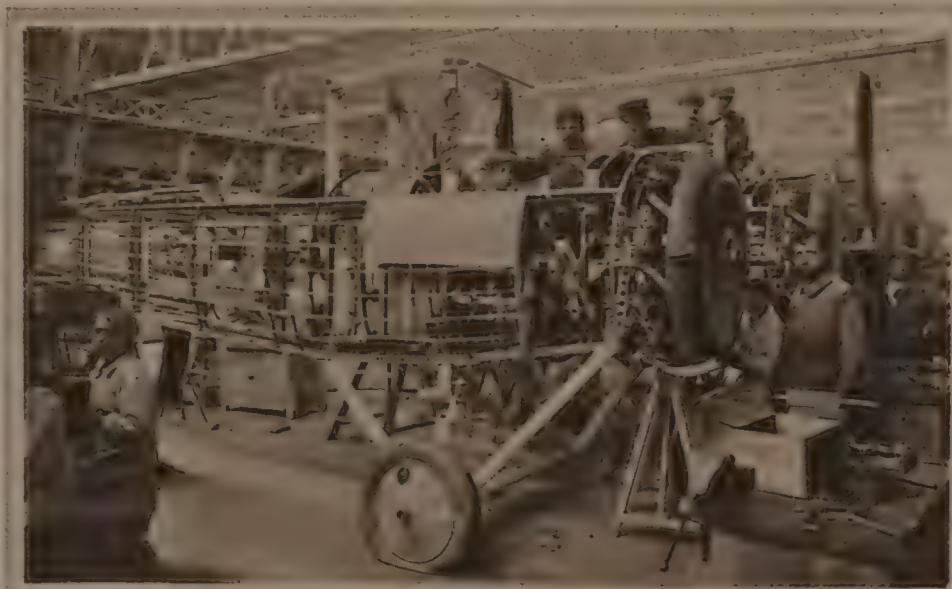
The Friedrichshafen type of bombing aeroplane, named from the large aircraft factory on Lake Constance, where it was designed and made first, represents Germany's latest pattern of big bombing craft.—[French Official Photograph.]

The first appearance of the tanks confirms this alliance. A British aviator—an infantry-contact observer—landed at his aerodrome for fresh supplies, and reported that "two tanks were walking up the main street of Flers, with the British Army cheering behind them." In this instance there was no prearranged co-operation between the two new weapons.

From infantry-contact patrol by aeroplane to tank-observation is no step at all. And just as aeroplanes are told off to watch over infantry, to signal their positions to Headquarters controlling their advance, to give warning of approaching counter-attacks, to control the artillery barrage in front of the infantry, to attack advancing enemy troops, and to bomb enemy batteries firing on our infantry, so aeroplanes may be told off to watch over tank-attacks and to perform analogous services for them.

A very clear indication of this species of operation was given by a war-correspondent with the French armies, who, writing in the *Morning Post* on July 12, said: "One of the soldiers in a tank section drew my attention to the closeness of co-operation that is necessary between the Air Service and the tanks. 'It is common knowledge,' he said, 'that tanks—though, roughly speaking, immune from machine-gun fire—are vulnerable to artillery. It is, therefore, of supreme importance to the enemy to be able to maintain his sausage-balloons in the air to control his artillery fire, and it is of equal importance to us that our aviation should bring the sausages down in flames or force them to keep the ground. Aviators are, in fact, our natural friends, for, just as we are able to silence the machine-guns that are the deadliest enemies of the infantry, so they can blind the enemy guns that are the only weapons we have seriously to fear.'"

There one has a very clear exposition of the alliance between aeroplanes and tanks, and of its converse—the value of aircraft against tanks; for, if the familiar sausage-balloon can be used as an anti-tank observation post, it is obvious that an artillery-observation aeroplane fitted with



IN ONE OF THE WORKSHOPS AT AN AIRCRAFT FACTORY IN FRANCE: INSTALLING ITS MOTOR ON BOARD A PLANE UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

French Official Photograph.

civilian, is at least interesting to the military student. But perhaps before we arrive at that stage we shall have universal peace, and then the co-operation of land battle-ships with the aircraft of their day will be a matter for the International Police Force, or the Aerial Board of Control of which Mr. Kipling has written so amazingly and so convincingly. Meantime, the Allied tanks and the Allied aircraft are noticeably superior to the German vehicles either separately or in combination, and the greater that superiority becomes the nearer will be our ultimate and complete victory.



## ANTI-U-BOAT RECONNOITRING FROM BATTLESHIPS: AN AIR-SENTRY.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



FOR "SPOTTING" U-BOATS OUT AT SEA: A U.S. NAVY'S LIGHTER-THAN-AIR "SHIP" FOR SERVICE ALOFT, ON BOARD A BATTLE-SHIP.

The U-boat campaign has incited ingenuity in all the Allied Navies towards devising methods of combating and destroying the pests. Destructive apparatus of remarkable kinds have been invented. Our Allies across the Atlantic have not been behindhand with devices for discovering submarines under water, to enable the various surface-craft to attack the

U-boats, or for hovering over and bombing detected craft on occasion. They employ it is stated, both observation-balloons and dirigibles. Our photograph was taken on board a U.S. Dreadnought battle-ship. It shows an aerial anti-U-boat "spotter" above the deck of a war-ship, with the "bed" on the derrick on which the envelope rests and whence the "spotter" is sent up.



# "THEY CUT AWAY MY TALLEST PINES": BRITAIN'S VANISHING WOODS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. E. ROBINSON.



## OUR TIMBER RESOURCES COMPARED WITH OTHER COUNTRIES': COMPARATIVE PRE-WAR YIELDS.

The enormous demand for timber for military purposes, coupled with the shortage of ships to bring it from abroad and the submarine campaign, has necessitated a ruthless onslaught on British woodlands. Canadian and American lumbermen have long been at work felling trees in various parts of Great Britain. The face of the land has been greatly changed. The recent Report of the Forestry Sub-Committee of the Reconstruction Committee states: "The total area under woodland in the United Kingdom

before the war was estimated at 3,000,000 acres, the annual yield from which is believed to have been 45,000,000 cubic feet, or about one third of what it should have been under correct sylvicultural management. These figures indicate the unsatisfactory condition of British and Irish woods as at present managed, and prove the urgency of remedial measures. . . . Dependence on imported timber has proved a serious handicap in the conduct of the war. The United Kingdom cannot run the risk of future wars without



**CANADA**

REPRESENTS 315,000 SQ MILES OF TIMBERLAND OF COMMERCIAL VALUE

(CANADA HAS A MUCH LARGER AREA OF SCRUB AND WASTE LAND)

WOODS COVER 10,000 SQ. MILES

NEWFOUNDLAND

SCALE OF MILES

UNITED KINGDOM, WITH ITS TOTAL AREA UNDER WOOD, ON THE SAME SCALE

YEAR 1912 TO THE UNITED KINGDOM

YEAR 1912 TO THE UNITED STATES

YEAR 1922 TO THE UNITED KINGDOM

YEAR 1922 TO THE UNITED STATES

EXPORTS OF FOREST PRODUCTS FROM CANADA. DIAGRAM SHOWS THE DIMINISHING SHARE OF THESE EXPORTS COMING TO THE UNITED KINGDOM, AND THE INCREASING SHARE TO THE UNITED STATES.

CANADA HAS RESERVES OF TIMBER WHICH RANK AFTER THOSE OF RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES AS THE THIRD LARGEST IN THE WORLD. HER EXPORTS EXCEED THOSE OF ANY COUNTRY EXCEPT RUSSIA.

1953

[illegible]

IN 1915 IN 1967  
IMPORTS 6.4 PER  
CENT CENT  
OF GNP  
THE WAR YEARS  
OUR IMPORTS  
DURING THE WAR

WAR YEAR 1916	10.5 PERCENT
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[illegible]

for many generations. . . . Thus, we submit, is an imperial question of the first magnitude. . . . Any check in the Russian supply would inevitably cause a timber famine in the United Kingdom. . . . The timber imported into the United Kingdom has hitherto come from the virgin forests of Finland and the Baltic provinces and from Archangel. . . . Every year we become more dependent on Russia." The Committee recommends afforestation.—(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



## LITERATURE.

"Shell-backs" and a Sea "Conchy."

Mr. John S. Margerison continues his successful and popular progress as an up-to-date author of books people like to read just now, in "Hunters of the U-Boat" (Pearson). This time he gives us eight separate thrills—a set of vivid and spell-thriving tales of doings of various old "shell-backs" and "Mercantile Jacks" taking a hand in the war, on board patrol-boats, destroyers, Grand Fleet auxiliaries, and so on, with, thrown in, an entertaining yarn of a Conscientious Objector skipper's doings. How the maritime "Conchy" in question, after running the gauntlet of U-boats and German corsair-raid, and persistently defying the control of British convoy captains, while carrying an everyday cargo, was at the last brought up close to his own sea-coast home at the moment that a U-boat was opening fire on it, is the theme.

Then follows as the outcome what he did on the spur of the moment, while still salving his tender conscience as a man of peace, to settle accounts once for all then and there with the U-boat. All that, for one story, makes highly diverting reading. Each one of the tales is brimful of adventure all through, with at the same time the human touch running across the narratives from beginning to end. And, incidentally, one may learn, or may guess, at something of some of the methods by means of which not a few of the German submarines have come to—for, at any rate, the Kaiser and "Uncle Turps"—an untimely end. Skipper MacAndrew, of the ex-drifter *Annie Laurie*; the two brothers, "Gog" and "Magog," of the *Puncher* and the *Petroleum* respectively; and Lieutenant Knight, of the *Stiletto*—who disposed in marvellous fashion of "Unterseeboot U 54 and U 55," a pair familiarly known to a certain Grand Fleet destroyer-flotilla as "Fritz" and "Karl"—really quite deserve on their own account places as portraits side by side with some of Marryat's characters in our national bibliography of seafaring warriors limned by the pen.

An "Epitome of England": Yorkshire. More than two centuries have passed since a seventeenth-century Dean of Worcester labelled Yorkshire "The Epitome of England." Since then, many changes and



THE DOG IN WAR: A CARRIER OF HAND-GRENADES.  
French Official Photograph.

developments have enlarged the county and its life out of all knowledge; great industries have developed, and with them the name of many Captains of Industry have become



AT JEDDAH: SOLDIERS AND A MARINE IN THE SERVICE OF A BRITISH MISSION.  
French Official Photograph.

part of the history of the county. Mr. J. S. Fletcher's latest work, "The Making of Modern Yorkshire" (George Allen and Unwin) is of historical value. That he would make his book rich in human interest was a safe assumption on the part of all who knew his clever volume, "From the Broad Acres," and his history of the great county is often as engrossing as a romance. It is, indeed, a story of the growth of great industries and magical changes in transit, machinery, science, education, and social and political reforms which have punctuated the passing of the years. All Yorkshiremen, and not Yorkshiremen alone, will find much to interest them in this latest book by an author who writes like one to whom the broad acres are dear.

Many names and personalities famous in the worlds of art, literature, manufactures, and business activities flit through the pages, and we get informative glimpses of such men as the squires who made Yorkshire their home; and the old coaching days, and their customs and humours, are not forgotten. The Wilson family and their wonderful work are duly dealt with; the part played by coal, iron, and steel in the development of the county is ably treated; and readers are reminded that the Miller of the "Canterbury Tales" carried a "Sheffield whittle" in his hose.

Justice is done to the dignity of the Cutlers' Company; and the author quotes Daniel Defoe on the selling of cloth in Leeds in the days of Queen Anne.

There are many passages devoted to the textile industries; and, of the patenting of the Lister-Holden wool-combing machine, the author tells how the business in Bradford was also carried on in St. Denis, Rheims, and Roubaix. Agriculture might well call for a volume to itself, and the same may be asserted of politics. Religious movements, charitable efforts, education, are all dealt with; and nineteenth-century Yorkshiremen mentioned include Lord Leighton, who was the son of a Scarborough physician; Sir Frank Lockwood, the famous barrister, who was born at Doncaster; Baron Nunburnholme; W. P. Frith, the artist; the Brontës; and many other notable people. Mr. Fletcher's word-pictures of Yorkshire in mid-eighteenth century and earlier days are in startling contrast to the enlightened county of to-day.

# WHY I AM A PELMANIST

By "SAPPER."

SOME months ago, more out of curiosity than anything else, I took up Pelmanism. I wished to find out whether there was indeed some new and wonderful system which could transform mediocrity into brilliance and failure into success. Pleading advertisements assured me that if I would but follow the advice laid down by the teachers of the Pelman School there was nothing I might not hope for, from a substantial increase in the pay extracted from a stony-hearted Government to complete immunity from whizz-bangs. In view of the desirability of both these goals, I decided to join "the cult." I regarded it as a cult; in spite of all assurances from Generals, Admirals, Pillars of the Church, and other big noises in the Pelman world, I was sure there was a catch somewhere. So I borrowed the money for the course, and started looking for the catch. I am still looking.

Now, I do not propose to go into the question of how Pelmanism obtains its results. To attempt to do so would necessitate going into what Pelmanism is. If anybody wants to find that out, let him follow my example—borrow the money, and see for himself. He will never regret it.

But I do propose to say something of the state of mind induced by Pelmanism in a student who takes it up in earnest. For on that state of mind depends entirely his judgment of the system. On the personal result in his particular case the student will say: "This thing is bad. I would prefer a bag of nuts"; or he will say: "This thing is good. Why, in Heaven's name, didn't I do it before?" Those are the two judgments to which any new thing must be prepared to submit itself; and when it is as much advertised as Pelmanism the answer is of importance.

Now, let there be no mistake about one thing; we are discussing the student who takes it up in earnest. The man who enrolls as a Pelmanist, who reads the books, and does the exercises like a parrot, and then sits down and waits for the boodle to roll in, will do a powerful lot of sitting. There is no magic word in the system; no formula which, repeated twice in the bath and once after breakfast, will produce success. There is nothing mystic about it—nothing supernatural.

Pelmanism is a system of education: nothing more, nothing less. Where it differs from other systems is that it educates. This is a very large claim, and one which great numbers of people will find incredible. They will point to all our methods of education, and say, frankly, that it is ridiculous. They will quote at length from

the many books that have been written about education lately—especially the Public School System. "If such a thing," they say, "were true, our social system would be undermined." Personally, I am not sure it hasn't been.

Let us consider, for a moment, this question of an education which educates compared with one which does not. So many people have written on the latter; so few on the former. It is so easy to criticise destructively.

It is an undoubted fact that an intimate knowledge of the French irregular verbs, and the insensate demands of the gardener for pens, ink, and paper will not materially help the student to travel through France.

It is an undoubted fact that the sole test for which we are trained is an examination; to that end, a boy is crammed and forced—and, having passed it, nothing more matters. He can forget everything, and he promptly does, naturally.

It is a far, far better thing to throw explosive bombs at the science master than to dabble in abstruse chemical formulae. The boy is not going to be a chemist—he wants to go into the Army. He is being taught what he doesn't want to learn. And so it is a failure. Thus the destructive critic fulminates; and everybody agrees that it is very dreadful. . . . But he suggests no alternative; and so everybody, after a brief mental upheaval, relapses again into sleep. Only Pelmanism has remained awake, and has produced an answer—a constructive answer—moreover, a successful answer, in the opinion of those who have tried.

It is successful because its students learn what they want to learn, and are therefore keen. A simple fundamental fact, wherein Pelmanism differs from all other systems of education: a simple fundamental fact which makes the difference between success and failure.

And so we come to the consideration of what is this thing which Pelmanism teaches, and which its students wish to be taught. It is well-nigh impossible to sum up the course in a phrase; it is altogether too big a thing. And yet—perhaps it can be done—more or less. Pelmanism, as I see it, teaches Human Nature—your own and the other man's. It deals not with Greek Iambics or the differential calculus, though such is its nature that it will help the student to deal with these occult mysteries, be he so minded. It just deals with you and the other man, and life as one lives it.

There is no catch in it. It is a system developed along perfectly common-sense lines, which leads to a definite goal. That goal is Efficiency.

The system takes a man's thought-box, and proceeds to tell the owner how he can improve it. It sends the student's brain to a mental gymnasium. It gives him concise instructions as to what he is to do, and when he carries out those instructions conscientiously he finds the system is right. He begins to realise that his mind is capable of being drilled and expanded exactly the same as his body. And, moreover, he finds that just as the fitter his body becomes, the more work it can do; so the fitter his mind is, the more it can accomplish. Things come easier to him; he has no difficulty in taking on more. His brain, in fact, is being drilled, and is developing accordingly.

Thus, baldly—Pelmanism. The mind and brain are subject to laws, just as is the body. The teachers of this system have taken those laws—up to now the property, so to speak, of a few abstruse thinkers and philosophers—and built round them a simple, infallible method of developing a human being's efficiency. That is all. As I say, there is no catch. The work which they ask the student to do, and which the student must do if he wishes to benefit by the course, is not long and arduous. It does not entail going back to school and poring over books. It can be done on one's way to work, when one is out for a walk, or wondering where the last one went to.

Moreover, there is another point which is worthy of note. The exercises—though only a means to an end—are in themselves interesting. There is no question of French irregular verbs, or abstruse chemical formulae—to be forgotten as soon as learned. There is nothing irksome or tedious in the course; nothing that the student doesn't see the object of even in the early stages of his struggles. It is, in fact, a common-sense system, developed along common-sense lines, with its goal—Efficiency.

The results speak for themselves. From a financial point of view, I, personally, am not qualified to speak; except to state the axiomatic truth that a man or woman whose brain is efficient must be worth more in the world market than one whose brain is untrained. And Pelmanism trains the untrained mind; that is its *raison d'être*. But from an intellectual point of view the thing can be put in a nutshell. It is not good to go through life blind; and yet thousands do so. Their brains are blind; they see and do not appreciate; they hear, and do not understand. Pelmanism brings that appreciation and that understanding. Therefore, it would seem worth while to Pelmanise, for it is certainly worth while to understand.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which, together with "Truth's" special supplement on "Pelmanism," and form of enrolment for the complete course for one-third less than the usual fees, will be sent post free to all readers of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS on application to the Pelman Institute, 53, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

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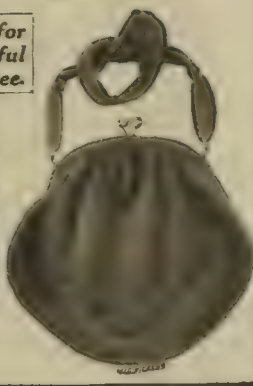
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## NEW NOVELS.

"Foe-Farrell." Robert Buchanan, who was a man of a rugged but indisputable talent, wrote a book on hate and the hater, somewhere about twenty years ago. He called it "God and the Man," and

Foe's undoing. Whereon the man who tells the tale comments: "You may apply it to this blasted war. As I see it, the more you beat Fritz by becoming like him, the more he has won." Buchanan, you observe, brought in the visible Judgment Seat of the Almighty to make his point "Q's" is the more subtle method, but not less sure. The sifting-out of the hearts of men comes down to very fine sand in the twentieth century—less mention of the Rock of Ages, and more of the infinitude of the pebbles on the beach, all serving to prove that the nineteenth century now looks at us across a gulf wider than the intervening years.

"Claymore!" We congratulate Mr. Arthur D. Howden Smith on having the cour-

equal faithfulness and precision. The novelty of the story lies in the hero, who is, for once, not a Scotsman but a Jacobite of good English family. How he set out to Derby and met the girl chieftain of the Clan MacKloss; how he was adopted into the clan and exchanged his British breeches for the kilt; how he rescued a gallant gentleman, and was saved in his own turn from Cumberland's butchery—are not all these things told in "Claymore"? If anyone wants a good friend in holiday time, we advise him to pack "Claymore" in his travelling-bag.

An event which has excited much interest in business circles is the recent reconstruction of the Watford Manufacturing Company, Ltd., by which Lord Leverhulme becomes actively concerned in its affairs. The Watford Manufacturing Company bulks big in the public eye on several accounts. It is capitalised at £1,000,000 sterling. Its model factories are appropriately known as Delectaland, where Boisselier Chocolates, Freeman's Food Products, Vi-Cocoa, the Food Beverage, and other first-class foodstuffs, notably Delecta Watford Chocolate, are made. The foods "made in Delectaland" stand for quality as well as economy. Delectaland has also long been a place



MODERN WARFARE IN PALESTINE: A LINE OF BRITISH TANKS.

Photograph by C.N.

his imagination threw into its pages the vision of the wronged man crying upon his God to deliver the oppressor into his hands, and the complete and terrible answer that was given to his prayer. "I AM, and I will give this man to thee." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who also deals with the pursuit of hatred in "Foe-Farrell" (Collins), the injured person clinging in a cold frenzy of revenge to the man who had ruined his life's work and dogging him across the world, deals with the business in a less tremendous but not less thought-compelling fashion.

The setting of the story—which is supposed to be told, day by day, in a dug-out in France—appears irrelevant until the moral tags in, almost on the last page. Dr. Foe, who pursued and eventually murdered Farrell, began by being a man of high moral potentialities and intellectual accomplishment. His entire education was a gentleman, and debased the learned doctor to the level, and the likeness, of a little Cockney tradesman of the Tottenham Court Road. More, Foe associated Farrell with his own implacable malignity, and so closed his hands upon the weapon which was to be

age, in his first novel, boldly to return to the '45. It is a novelist's paradise too long neglected by writers not unnaturally fearful, we may suppose, of trespassing on the preserves of the great, and forgetting that there is room for a hundred authors on its historic fields. "Claymore!" (Skefington) is an excellent romance, containing everything that such a story should present—the Highland maiden, the gallant gentleman, the foul, false villain, and the clash of arms in a dozen mortal combats, claymore against the British bayonets and sabres. Prince Charles is very carefully rendered; and we are given Lord George Murray, Lochiel, Cluny, all handled with an



MODERN WARFARE IN PALESTINE: A TANK PASSING THROUGH A PALM-GROVE.

Photograph by C.N.

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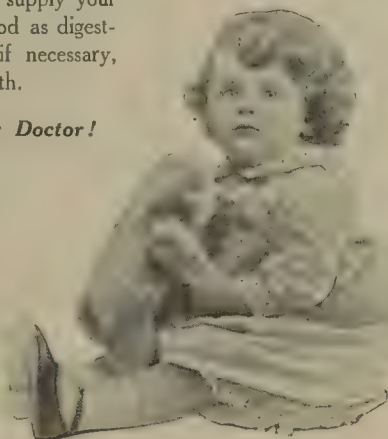
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**L**AST month, the shops that sell Delta began to receive supplies of six new styles of light buckle shoes, and they will continue to receive more on fixed dates until well into September.

No. 890 illustrated here is one of them.

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to go to the local shop and to order it in advance. Go to-day. For stocks of these shoes are melting like snow, selling right out a day or so after their arrival from the factory.

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## LADIES' PAGE.

SINCE I last wrote, the women teachers of London have been given by the London County Council not the "equal pay for equal work with men" that they were asking for, but an increase in their wages that brings their scale near to that which was the man's pay. In order to obviate granting the principle of equal pay, however, the County Council at the same stroke raised the pay of the men teachers, so as to keep their scale of payment still ahead of that of the women. The latter, given a war bonus of seven shillings a week, appear to be content to let the "equal pay for equal work for men and women" slide for the present. The cost to the London ratepayers for the current year will be no less than £1,805,000; and this sum will increase in subsequent years, £1,000,000 annually. "In the meantime," says a Scotland, the "equal pay for equal work" demand has been taken up by the Lanarkshire Tramways' employees, who have gone on strike because the tramway company have been given an advance of one shilling a week which is refused to the women. The London women are, of course, far less numerous and ill-organised than the London women teachers; but the principle is the same in all places and circles of industry, and many a great movement has had a small beginning, as a tiny spring is often the source of a great river.

An illustration of the apparently insignificant com-  
ponents of very great future events has been  
to my mind by the singing of the American  
Hymn of the Republic at many of the special  
services on the fourth anniversary of the terrible Great  
War. This "Battle Hymn," beginning "Mine eyes  
have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," has had,  
the latest and most  
written, except the Marseillaise.  
Mrs. Maria Ward Howe, one of the early leaders  
of the women's suffrage movement, and also  
of the anti-slavery movement. She wrote the words by  
port of inspiration, in the middle of the night, to replace  
others that she thought unworthy, to the tune that was  
used by the soldiers of the North for their marching song.  
But the words that Mrs. Howe replaced—the tune and  
the refrain she retained—had a real meaning and asso-  
ciation. The original theme was this: "John Brown's  
body lies a-mouldering in the grave, But his soul is  
marching on; Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" This John  
Brown, a plain, poor farmer, it was who began the great



AN OUTDOOR DRESS FOR COOLER DAYS.

Of blue gabardine with revers, collar and belt of white suede cloth,  
this dress combines both usefulness and elegant simplicity.

anti-slavery war in America by deliberately organising  
an attack upon the United States arsenal. It was a tor-  
rent hope, a handful of men, many of them negroes, against  
the United States Government, and it ended in immediate  
utter failure: as the ditty that Mrs. Howe replaced put  
it: "They've hung John Brown on a sour apple tree,"  
but "his soul went marching on." But Mrs. Howe's  
hymn, though it was written for the Northern Army,  
has nothing sectional in its wording, and as a hymn of  
freedom for the whole of the freedom-loving communities  
is most appropriate at this crisis in the world's history.

An excellent idea was that of inviting the children in  
many schools in England to write letters in their own  
words to the American Food Controller, Mr. Hoover,  
expressing their gratitude for the self-denial of the Ameri-  
can nation by which we are being comfortably fed. As  
President Wilson finely puts it: "America is eating at a  
common table with her Allies." Under no compulsion,  
in millions of households in the United States, as well as  
in hotels and clubs, days of abstinence are, and have been  
for several months past, voluntarily observed, in order  
that the wheat and the beef and the pork done without  
on those days may come to save us and our Continental  
Allies from want. Every school-child should at least be  
told clearly about this mighty effort of loving comradeship  
and self-denial. It should weave a tie between us  
and our sister nation across the Atlantic for all time.

The American housewives use a great deal of maize  
meal, which is over there called distinctively "corn."  
On their "wheatless days" for their Allies' benefit, it will  
be "corn bread" that will replace the more costly grain  
that they are saving to give to us. We ought to try to  
make more use of maize ourselves. It will not make good  
loaves unless mixed in about equal parts with wheaten  
flour; alone, it is made up, usually mixed with sour milk  
and carbonate of soda, into flat cakes (especially griddle  
cakes, to eat hot), rolls, "gems," etc. For corn loaves,  
this recipe is given me by an American lady, who tells  
me that she practically lived upon it for seven months,  
gaining in weight and strength, in a cottage deep in the  
great American woods: Two-thirds wheat flour to one-  
third corn meal finely ground. Sift the corn meal, and  
boil it for seven hours (if slightly burned it does not matter);  
add salt to taste; knead in the wheat flour to a stiff con-  
sistence, and bake in large loaves in a slow oven. This,  
she says, is very sweet, and keeps well. The State  
Chemist of Massachusetts found that maize cannot be  
thoroughly digested and utilised in the human system  
unless it is cooked slowly for several hours.—FLORENA

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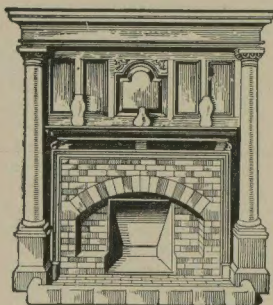
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SAUCE. A few drops of  
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Ensure the perfection  
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## Reducing the Age Limit.

Under a recently issued Defence of the Realm Act regulation, it is now competent for licensing authorities to issue licences to drive motor-cars to "male persons" who have attained the age of sixteen years. "Heavy" cars—i.e., vehicles of over two tons in weight—and vehicles plying for hire as hackney or stage carriages are excepted from the terms of the new regulation; so that in effect its provisions apply only to the driving of vehicles of the touring type and the lighter descriptions of commercial cars. Moreover, an additional safeguard is provided in the shape of a stipulation that licences are only to be issued to such persons as the licensing authority is satisfied are competent drivers; but nothing is laid down as to how the authority is to be satisfied of the applicant's suitability to be a licence-holder.

As a war measure of a temporary nature, there is, perhaps, little to be said against the regulation, particularly as there is so little motoring being done save of a purely utility character. But as a permanent affair it has not quite the same aspect. I may be wrong, but it certainly does not seem to me that to turn irresponsible lads of sixteen loose on the highways in charge of powerful, fast cars is going to make for the safety of the lieges. Of course, it is impossible to lay down any immutable rule in the matter. I have known youngsters who were really good drivers, and quite fit to be trusted on the road; while, on the other hand, I have known others verging on middle-age who ought never to have been licensed, and would not have been if licences were only issued after a test of fitness to drive, instead of in the haphazard way they are handed out to all and sundry. I agree that, within limits, the mere factor of age has little or nothing to do with a person's competency, and, if only the regulation had made it clear that lads were only to be licensed after a stringent practical test of their ability to drive, I should be inclined to



AN INTERESTING INCIDENT: A TRACTOR AND A BIG GUN.  
A Fiat artillery tractor is here seen at a station behind the Italian lines, about to haul away a gun of exceptional length.



A PLEASANT PHASE OF WAR INDUSTRY: A B.S.A. CHOIR.  
The famous Birmingham Small Arms Company, despite its untiring work for the Army, finds time, as our photograph evidences, to form an excellent Male Voice Choir, as one of the branches of Welfare Work connected with the great factory.

say that it is rather a good move. It would have brought us closer to the test for every applicant for a licence to drive a mechanically propelled vehicle which the law ought

to insist upon—and very properly does in most countries. It is reasonably certain that after the war motoring legislation will come before Parliament for revision, and it is to be hoped that the regulation under discussion will form a precedent for the imposition of a test on all candidates for licences.

## Disfiguring Roadside Advertisements.

The R.A.C. has actively taken up the question of the disfiguring of the countryside by the huge, unsightly advertisement-boards which, within recent years, have become a feature of the landscape and have done so much to spoil many of our most cherished beauty spots. In a pamphlet issued to the Associated clubs it is pointed out that the present is an excellent time to begin the necessary propaganda work, for the reason that, in consequence of restrictions on the use of wood, metal, printing, and paper, most of the offending signs have fallen into dilapidation, so that their complete removal would cause the least amount of loss to their owners. It is recommended, therefore, that a strong effort should be made to induce local authorities to apply for the necessary powers under the Advertisements Regulation Act to enable them to deal with hoardings and signs which are by their situation or design an offence to good taste. Already thirty-three English and Scottish counties possess powers under the Act, and in the case of the former those powers are mostly the maximum to be obtained. Of the forty-three English local authorities, outside the County Councils, who have taken powers, many of them have been content with by-laws which are much narrower in scope than they could have procured for the asking. It is very desirable, therefore, that a collective effort should be made by all who are interested in preserving the amenities of the countryside—and who is not?—to urge on all authorities that it is desirable for them to secure the widest possible powers. This is where the provincial automobile clubs should have a chance to do good work. W. W.

## JUBOL

## A Physiological Laxative.

## Medical Opinion:

"If the physician can get his patient to swallow *whole* one or two tablets of JUBOL every night before going to bed, he can rest assured that it will not be long before the general health of his patient is restored, for he will thereby overcome the *intestinal atony*, which is beyond doubt the initial cause of all the trouble."

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## URODONAL

## Renews Youth

Every woman will welcome the advice to retain her beauty, youth, and fresh complexion, but the majority will merely shrug their shoulders and protest that, much as they would like to be endowed with eternal youth, nothing can prevent the ravages of time.

Why is it that so many women look old before their time? The trouble is not due to superficial causes only, for grey hair, flaccid tissues, increasing stoutness, discolouration of the skin, blemishes, wrinkles, etc., etc., are all caused through poisoning of the blood, especially with uric acid, which is the cause of premature old age and arterio-sclerosis, the numerous symptoms of which commence to appear, viz.: shortness of breath, drowsiness after meals, headache, giddiness, loss of memory, impaired eyesight, palpitation, etc.

Even as early as at 30 years the symptoms of arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries) sometimes occur. The necessary measures should immediately be taken in order to dissolve and eliminate the uric acid, otherwise continual ill-health ensues, degenerating into chronic disease, premature old age, and untimely death.

Science, however, which has discovered the origin of arterio-sclerosis, has also found the remedy: URODONAL, which dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar. It has been said that people need not die before their wish; they need not grow old either unless they wish it, for URODONAL is at their disposal for destroying the cause of premature old age, so that if care is taken to eliminate the uric acid as fast as it is formed, by the regular use of URODONAL, instead of the arteries being brittle and hard, they will remain soft and pliable as india-rubber, and perfect health will be the result.

After a course of URODONAL the skin takes on a rosy hue and becomes supple, smooth, and firm; the flesh is flexible and firm; the pulse is strong and active; rich blood conveys heat and energy throughout the body, thereby stimulating the healthy functioning of the different organs. URODONAL imparts renewed youth and vitality to the whole system.

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To the "Daisy" Co., Leeds.  
Gentlemen,

Though I rarely suffer from head-  
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the fact that your specific, "Daisy"  
Tablets, very speedily end such attacks,  
and I am pleased to acknowledge their  
ability to do so.

I regard them as a great advance  
on the former German preparations  
and would like to compliment British  
chemists on the skill and science  
employed to provide a cure which  
replaces enemy articles.

There is no hesitation on my part  
in cordially recommending "Daisy"  
Tablets to the public, for I am con-  
vinced of their merits and potency in  
effectually removing headaches from  
most causes derived.

Yours sincerely,

Violet Vanbrugh.



**"DAISY"**  
TABLETS

Cure Headache & Neuralgia.

TREATISE & SAMPLE FREE.

If you would like to try them at our expense,  
send us your name and address on a postcard,  
and we will send you FREE a dainty box,  
along with a very interesting and scientific  
booklet on the cure of head and nerve pains  
of all kinds. Write to-day to

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"Daisy" Tablets are sold by Boots, Taylor's, and Chemists everywhere at  
1/3 per box, or direct (post free) from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T 13), Leeds.

Amongst modern exponents of the dramatic  
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tinguished artiste than Miss Violet Vanbrugh, for  
her talent is distinctly her own, and as a creator  
of leading rôles she is unrivalled.

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tastes, and has one of the most appealing person-  
alities, both as a woman and an artiste, and in this  
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Miss Vanbrugh speaks as she finds, and no com-  
ment is needed upon her ungrudging tribute to this  
great British scientific achievement.

## Don't ask for just "Egg Powder"

—get the *real thing* whilst you're at it!

**I**F you go into the grocer's and  
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egg powder" you may be satis-  
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But go boldly into the shop and ask  
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you are getting.

You will be getting the Egg Powder the best  
homes all over the country are using to tame the  
present flour into something like behaviour ;

—You will be getting the kind the big cookery  
schools have *tried* and *proved* by dozens of critical  
tests and experiments and are now using in almost  
every recipe to save time and eggs and money ;

—You will be getting the kind about which  
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Elsie Mary Wright  
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Medallist of the  
National Training  
School of Cookery;  
Domestic Editress  
"Everywoman's  
Weekly," &c., &c.,  
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known cookery  
experts in London

**C**ONSIDERING all these things, don't you  
think it would be just as well in future to  
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Please write us if your Grocer is out of stock or  
isn't up-to-date enough to have it yet.

Large 11d. packets ; 7d. and 1/2 tins.

**Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds**



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS." AT THE HAYMARKET.

THE fault of Mr. Walter Hackett's new Haymarket drama—which goes some way towards spoiling the ingenuities and thrills of its plot—consists in his representing his naval officer hero (pitchforked, it is true, into the



AN INTERESTING WOKING WEDDING: DERRY-BOORMAN.

Lieutenant Cyril Derry, M.T., Army Service Corps, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Derry, of "Carn Brea," Woking, was married, on July 27, at Woking, to Miss Doris Boorman, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Boorman, of Guildford Road, Woking, Surrey.

service from a solicitor's office) as a "silly ass" who would never in real life have been permitted to hold a commission. So that not even Mr. Dennis Eadie's skill, though he raised many a laugh over this farceur's ingenuous jests and spent pains over his portraiture, could prevent both the man and his manner from seeming sadly out of place in the big situation of the play, which, with its atmosphere of peril, would have stiffened the most ordinary seaman into sobriety. The truth of the matter is that the playwright's scenes of excitement and farcical characters do

not form the happiest of mixtures; his story makes us laugh, but does not carry any sort of conviction. Yet there is one comic personage in the piece whose acquaintance we should have been sorry to miss, and whose every appearance is as refreshing as a sea-breeze. This is the captain of a tramp-steamer with a taste for grog, a trick of quoting texts from the "good book," and a capacity for storms of temper. Mr. Sydney Valentine makes every inch of him alive. It is only fair to add that Mr. Holman Clark gets himself up delightfully as a solicitor, that Miss Marion Lorne has some vivacious moments as an extemporizer of social ambitions whose former profession comes in useful, and that Mr. James Carew and Mr. Randle Ayrton supply effective studies of stage-villainy.

### "AS YOU WERE." AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Mr. Cochran has converted the London Pavilion into one of the cosiest and prettiest of West-End theatres—and, what is perhaps of more consequence to our hardened playgoers in these war-days, he has provided an entertainment worthy of the setting. His revue, besides giving us tuneful music, witty lines and lyrics, gorgeous costumes, clever dancing, attractive songs—for Mr. Hayden Coffin and others—has a scheme with humour and inventiveness in it; for its characters, transported magically from one country to another, and one period of time to another, discover that the same thing makes the world go round, and that, whatever skies are about you, you remain, if you are human, "As You Were." A company including Mlle. Delysia, M. Leon Morton, and Mr. John Humphreys makes the most of this fantastic idea and its opportunities of fun. Delysia herself, in a wonderful variety of raiment, figures now as Helen of Troy, now as Ninon de l'Enclos, now as a "Hunzollern" princess, now as Mephistopheles, and gets an effect in every one of her masquerades. A clog-dance turn, introducing a new-comer, Miss Mona Vivian, achieved one of the hits on the first night; and not the least telling episode affords the audience a glimpse at the entourage of the Kaiser.

### "THE LUCK OF THE NAVY." AT THE QUEEN'S.

In the newest spy-play, "The Luck of the Navy," a woman of German origin is supposed to have sent her son before the war into the British Navy on purpose to play traitor. Spies and their trackers lurk behind screens awaiting their cue; hero writes the key-word of his secret orders on a girl's photograph; one naval officer is drugged after dinner, and another is carried off to Berlin by aeroplane; a sham Belgian refugee alternately uses and discards crutches; there is signalling from the coast; and a

rally of the Navy to put German villainy to final discomfiture. It will be gathered that there is abundance of excitement and a good deal of ingenuousness about Clifford Mills's story. The excitement and the obvious good intentions of the author may be held to excuse its ingenuousness; a Bank Holiday audience at the Queen's revelled in its alarms and excursions, and disregarded its extravagances. So, for the matter of that, may the reviewer, who recognises that popular drama must have its allowances, and does not apply severity on the wrong occasion. He can smile the more benevolently because he is offered vigorous acting on the part of Mr. Percy Hutchison as British Lieutenant, and Miss Ruth Mackay as arch-spy, and scenes of refreshing humour between a



COMMANDING THE FRENCH FORCES IN ITALY: GENERAL GRAZIOLE.—[French Official.]

retired Admiral and a cheeky Midshipman, in which it is hard to say whether the veteran, Mr. Alfred Bishop, or the youthful Master Patrick Ludlow, who is nature itself in his naturalness, really bears off the palm.

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In these strenuous times we must have our full resources at our command. Weakly and suffering, you cannot bear the strain. You require vigorous health and strength, and these you will only regain with Nature's own remedy: Electricity.

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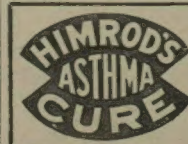
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